

foot. Over the upper inside blanket spread the remaining rubber sheet and fold sides back over patient, leaving the trough exposed. Now place four bricks covered with their bags in the trough on one side, being extremely careful that they are not too close to the patient. Pour the alcohol over all four bricks and quickly roll the edges of upper and lower rubber sheets together. Repeat at the other side and the foot. See that the blankets and rubber sheets come well over shoulders so that as little as possible of the heat and moisture will escape. Over all spread the remaining blanket and bring the bed-clothes up over this.

Apply cold compresses to the head continuously and encourage the patient to drink freely of the lemonade. Watch the pulse closely at the temporal artery. If the pulse remains good the patient remains in the sweat one hour, when the bricks and the blanket and rubber sheet directly above and below are removed. The patient is rubbed dry with a hot towel and left between the other blankets until he has ceased perspiring. The blankets are then removed and the patient rubbed briskly all over with warm alcohol and the hot night-gown put on.

Avoid chilling the surface during or after this treatment. If the patient is delirious or unconscious, the nurse must not leave him, as the slightest movement might lead to severe burns.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

By KATHARINE DE WITT
Graduate Illinois Training School

(Continued from page 459.)

FEBRUARY 10—Monday.—My funny Irish woman, Mrs. Maloney, is much dissatisfied with the nurses and doctors. She says they ought to be middle-aged people. We had a horrid afternoon, a rushing, tumbling kind. I had to fly to get around, yet the patients were unusually kind. Bridget encouraged me in her rough way. Poor Alice had a sinking spell and was so sick.

FEBRUARY 11—Tuesday.—A probationer was put into our ward and under my special care. I am having good times teaching her, for she is so nice and quick to learn. We have a patient poisoned with carbolic acid, who is doing nicely. Alice is better.

FEBRUARY 12—Wednesday.—Chaos, rushing, and weariness! Another case of attempted suicide.

FEBRUARY 13—Thursday.—A little negro girl, one of my patients, died this morning. She had only been in a day and was very sick, poor

child. She had told me while I was trying to clean her nails, against her express desire, that I was not a good nurse, being too determined. A new stretcher case was brought in. It is the worst morning we have had. Poor Miss Dunstan gave up and cried.

FEBRUARY 14—Friday.—Miss Thayer is back, and we are so glad. Things will go better now. Our nice little probationer has patients of her own and is doing beautifully. Poor Nellie is very much worse. I have had such a fancy for the child ever since she came in, and she has wanted me to do everything for her. She is delirious now, and knows no one; I do hope she will get well. I bathed five and one-half people this morning. One woman I fixed had a double nail on one toe and she told me she used to have six toes on her left foot, but one had been amputated.

FEBRUARY 15—Saturday.—We didn't half get through our work. We had four new cases, one on a stretcher and two in wheeled chairs. Seven of the patients have to sleep on the floor. We have over sixty.

FEBRUARY 16—Sunday.—Was on in the morning and the work went beautifully.

FEBRUARY 17—Monday.—Alice gave me fifty cents to spend for her, and asked me to get two envelopes, two sheets of paper, two stamps, a can of honey, and some gingersnaps. Nellie knew me for the first time in ever so long, but she is no better.

FEBRUARY 18—Tuesday.—Miss Thayer called the nurses together and told us we *must* finish our work on time. Then she divided it differently and gave me two private rooms and four patients in the ward. That gives me ten patients in all; six are typhoids, and all are very sick. Nellie is my patient now, but is too sick to know it. I have a homesick little Bohemian, and a repulsive paralyzed woman. Two of my patients have bed-sores that have to be dressed every day.

FEBRUARY 19—Wednesday.—We watched all day a threatened case of abortion, but it didn't come off before we came away.

FEBRUARY 20—Thursday.—Miss Dunstan, our senior nurse, is sick, so I have the senior work,—medicines, temperatures, and the private rooms. Our ward is so full that eight sick patients have to sleep on the floor. We had to send away two of our best help, the night woman and the kitchen woman, because they fight so. Our case of abortion still hangs on.

FEBRUARY 21—Friday.—I have Annie to care for now, and she is funnier than ever. She is a little delirious yet, and when she does anything horrid and I talk to her about it, she opens her big black eyes and says, "Forgive me, nurse." When I am making her bed she

throws kisses to me and says, "Oh, dear little lady, oh, dear little nurse, don't wash my face so hard, please." It was all I could possibly do to get through my work in the morning. In the afternoon Miss Drake came up and found fault with me because I was not with the doctors who were treating our abortion patient, because I was not directing the work of the two probationers, who hadn't finished their morning work; because I had not swept the private rooms, or oiled Frances' face, or washed Nellie's feet, whereas, I had been feeding a girl by rectum every half hour and trying to finish the noon temperatures and to get out the two o'clock medicines, and hadn't time for anything else; but such is life. Miss Drake telephoned to Miss Thayer, who was taking her half day, that she must come back, and she did. Finally, Miss Fife appeared on the scene with uplifted hands and a look of horror, saying, "Really, Miss Thayer, Ward E will drive me distracted." When they had gone, we laughed, for we didn't feel a bit guilty; we had worked so hard and every necessary thing was done, though things did look horrid.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—Saturday.—I was on in the morning and spent most of my time over Frances, giving her stimulants and hypodermic injections. We have sixty-five patients now. An extra row of beds has been put down the middle of the ward.

FEBRUARY 23—Sunday.—I was on in the morning again and had a terrific time getting through. I had to keep up poultices and fomentations, beside fixing fourteen patients. Poor Frances died last night.

FEBRUARY 24—Monday.—They have moved two very sick patients from the ward into my rooms and my hands are full. They have to have turpentine stupes kept up day and night. Nellie got out of bed to-day under the delusion that she had to move to Broadway. I had to tie her in bed after that. I tied one foot to the foot of the bed. Some time after, I found her looking sadly at that foot, and she said to me, "Nurse, won't you please release this prisoner? He has been tried and has proved himself clear; he was only one of a gang." It is very odd that though she is all the time delirious, she knows me, and though she won't answer one of my questions sensibly, she will take anything I give her, and makes a great fuss with any one else. Our abortion woman departed in pretty good health to-day.

FEBRUARY 25—Tuesday.—A horrid, vile day. I was so tired my legs wouldn't walk, and my arms wouldn't work, and I had so much to do. In the afternoon Miss Thayer asked me to print some labels, and then when I started, she sent me on errands everywhere, and each time

I went through the ward half a dozen patients would shout at me for something.

FEBRUARY 26—Wednesday.—Poor little 43, a Swedish girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, is getting worse so fast. I have to give her milk every fifteen minutes and a stupe every hour; 41 is very sick too.

FEBRUARY 27—Thursday.—41 died last night. I feel so sorry that I ever pulled her hair. It used to get so tangled I could hardly help it. The little Swedish girl is dying. Her doctor does not believe in stimulants, so we have just had to watch her grow worse and worse without doing anything for her. It does seem wicked. The two patients in my middle room always amuse me so much,—Nellie, and Bohemian Mary. I made some lemonade for them to-day and they were perfectly delighted. I used to think Mary very stupid, but she talks a little now in her broken English and says I am "awfoo good," which makes me as happy as anything I have ever heard. She has a dreadful bed-sore.

FEBRUARY 28—Friday.—Nellie grows more amusing every day. She begs me every morning to make her some "clariont," which is as near as she can get to lemonade. She asked Miss Gault to-day to bring her a few squirts of water. Mary is ever so much better, but her back is dreadful. She says it is "no good." Sophie went away to-day; she has been one of my favorite patients, so pretty and timid and willing. She scrubbed my tables and chairs for me before she went. Annie was funny, too, to-day. When she did something she ought not and I said, "Oh, Annie!" she replied, "Poor little Annie's going to die." While I was changing the sheets, she tried to console me by throwing kisses.

I did not half finish my work to-day, but the patients have been so nice to me. One woman in the ward never fails to smile when I go by because when she first came I would not let them cut her hair, which was fearfully tangled, but after a half hour's tug got it smooth.

NURSING ETHICS AND ETIQUETTE*

By CHARLOTTE M. PERRY

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(Continued from page 514.)

It may be thought by some that neatness, punctuality, economy and quietness should come under etiquette rather than ethics. In reality they touch upon both. First, to regard them from the ethical stand-

*Lecture given to the pupil-nurses of Faxon Hospital.